

THE
Virgin-Mother:
A DIVINE
POEM.

Which may properly serve for
A
Christmas Carol.

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Cantate Domino Canticum novum.

L O N D O N,

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Constantine Dandolo Cantabrigia notum.

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Virgin-Mother

Sleep, on your eyes (faint Virgins) long has laid,
Rise, and to Beth'lem run; to see a Maid
Rise, Matrons, in your Arms your Infants bear,
To Beth'lem haste, and see Gods Mother there.

Matrons and Virgins run, haste all to see,
Both joyn'd in one, a stunsful Chastity.
Then every Matron this gracious wonder tell,
And every Virgin chant a Canticle:
Sing blessed Mary's praises; sing, that, for her,
Jehovah rivald with a Carpenter.

M A R T, deriv'd from two most glorious Springs,
The Blood of Levi's Priests, and Judah's Kings,
Which did, as in a Type, foreshew her Story,
To be the Mother both of Grace and Glory.
Sing of her Birth, how, not redeem'd with price,
Her Father paid her as a Sacrifice
Due to his God, when others rais'd her
With Shakes, still were a slavery
To serve their Maker, and the Parents fear
To trust him with the Wardship of their Heir.
But the blest Maid, (whom Angels now admire,
Glad they have got her to increase their Quire)
In Childhood first her Virgin-calk begun,
And in the Temple pray'd: A pretty Nunt
So the first time she suck'd was holy Kirn,
And the first word she learnt ed life was Pray'r.

Then might you see an Infant-Saint out-vye
The Levites in Devotion; and an eye

Cast up to Heaven, ere it the Earth had known,
 Whole showres of tears in pious sorrow shown
 For Eve's Offence, not hers: she did begin
 To learn Repentance that he's knew to Sin.
 Each morning strove the early Lark and she,
 Who first should chant their sacred melody.
 He that had seen her, might by her presence
 Have prophesied an Age of Innocence
 Re-born with her: you might have thought her one
 Of the great Cherubim, sent from its Throne,
 To be a Race of Angels, and supply
 Their room that fell by proud Apostacy.

Thus she grew up in Zeal and holy fears,
 Yet still Devotion would out-bid her years:
 Till at fifteen, (when others holy fires
 Grew to more wanton and unchaste desires)
 The Priest bethought a Husband for her Bed,
 But Mary's thoughts all unto Heav'n were Wed.
 Yet was the Joseph's Spouse, not with intent
 To lose her Virgin-Zone, but to prevent
 The suits of others, and enjoy more free
 The treasure of unspotted Chastity.

Who will believe the Wonder I have said,
 Mary a Husband took to live a Maid?
 Dare not thou Joseph so approach too near
 This Heav'nly Ark; thy God inhabits there:
 Touch not that sanctified, that hallowed Womb,
 Whence thy Salvation and the Worlds must come.
 For 'tis not, Carpenter, thy Art that can
 Repair the Fabrick of Self-ruin'd Man:
 Mary must Bride to thy Creator be;
 And cloath in flesh part of the Trinity.

See! God has sent from his Eternal Sphear
 Blest Gabriel, his fire-winged Messenger,
 Who crown'd with Glory and a Wreath of Light,
 Salutes the Virgin, (doubtful of the sight)
 And courts her thus: — Hail, Mary, full of Grace!
 (Wherewith a Blush rose in her bashful Face,

And

And verif'd his words) *The Lord* (quoth he)
Hath left his Heaven, and comes to dwell with thee;
Blest, among women, in thy Sex Divine,
 For every breath Salvation sucks from thine.
 Suppose a King had some gay Favour sent,
 With pow'rful Rhet'rick, and Court-Complement,
 To win a Country Girl; What could she guess,
 But 'twas some scorn on her Unworthiness?
 So *Mary*, ignorant what her Vertue was,
 (For she had made Humility her Glass)
 Doubts what the words shou'd mean, wonders to hear
 This Salutation, and distrusts her ear:
 And when the *Angel* tells her of a Son,
 To sit on Princely *David's* Royal Throne;
 To Rule the House of *Jacob*, and to be
 A Scepter'd Prince to all Eternity;
 Her modest Soul no vain ambition sway'd,
 She rather chose to live an humble Maid:
 Than a Queen-Mother: How can I, quoth she,
 (Who ne're knew man; and am a Votary
 Ne're to know any) teem with such a birth,
 Who would not for the Treasure of the Earth
 Be false unto my Vows? My love is Prayer,
 And Piety all the Sons I mean to bear.

But when the *Angel* did Gods will relate,
 That he would get a Son, who might create;
 She yeelds a Handmaid to her Lords desire:
 Imagine then how such strange News would fire
 Some Ladies hearts with pride, when they should hear
 God's grown enamour'd of their Beauties were;
 How they wou'd think themselves worthy the Bed
 Of their Creator, and advance their head
 Above Mortality, promising their eyes
 Shou'd be made Stars to beautifie the Skyes.

But *Mary's* Zeal swel'd higher than her pride;
 Nothing mov'd that, not when old *Zacharies* Bride
 Felt the Babe dance and leap within her Womb;
 For joy the Mother of his Lord was come;

But blest her God, regarded her estate,
 And sung not to her self *Magnificat*;
 Nor when the Shepherds did relate their story,
 (Which was as full of wonder, as of glory)
 But took the *Angel Hymn*, and chanted then
 Glory to God on high, good will to men:
 Nor when three Kings did to her Couch resort,
 Did she conceive her Stable turn'd a Court;
 When to a Priest, a Prophet, and a King,
 They sev'ral brought their sev'ral Offering,
 She took not (to delight a wanton sense)
 The precious Myrrh, and od'rous Frankincense,
 Nor did with cov'rous greedy eyes behold
 The Eastern Wealth, (the third mans treasure) Gold:
 Her Son and Saviours honour to prefer,
 Was Myrrh, was Frankincense, was Gold to her.
 Her Life was all Humility: Muse make haste
 To sing her Death, and how her Life being past,
 Heav'n entertains her; for their Hymns Divine,
 Are fitter to relate her praise, than thine:
 Thou hast not power to unfold with what a fear
 She fled to Egypt, and continued there
 To save her *Infant's* life: nor skill to tell
 How much she joys at every Miracle,
 Presume not thou to number what her eyes
 Show'r forth in tears, as on the Cross she sees
 Her dear *Sons* sufferings; nor what care she shew'd
 To gather up the drops of blood that flow'd
 Pure Balsome from his side; nor venture on
 To write with what a violent Zeal she run
 To beg with *Joseph*, He a Tomb might have,
 By whom we all are ransom'd from the Grave.
 My thinks I see, how by his Cross she stood,
 How her sad eyes with tears, as he drop'd blood;
 Her eyes more sad, can't they return'd to fight,
 And could stand on, in Heav'n did, lose their light:
 Her Arms express the Cross whereon he dy'd,
 As if she meant too, to be Crucifi'd;

I see her Vail rent, for it could not be
 The Temple shoud expreſs more grace than ſhe
 My thinks I hear her plaints, — *Christ, that I*
 Should give thee flesh, for else how couldst thou die?
 Divinity is from all Paſſion free,
 That thou couldst suffer torments, was from me:
 Wherefore thy *Virgin Mother* here vows all
 Her hours to Prayer, till thy last Trumpet call.

And here I crave no pardon, if my Pen
 Stab thoſe moſt wicked and preſumptuous men,
 Whoſe bold diſputes dare into queſtion call
 What Sons ſhe had, and whether *Christ* were all;
 As if a mortal duſt to *Mary* come,
 And Court God's Widow, to profane her Womb;
 As if the *Mother-maid* *Thim* ſhould give oſce,
 To be a Mother, but a Maid no more?
 Or She, that God and Man had born, would be
 A Mother now to bare humanity:
 As ſhe from Heav'n to Earth her thoughts had caſt
 And cleave to *Joſeph*, that had God embrac'd;
 No; having lain (Great Heavens immortal King)
 Under the ſhadow of thy gracious Wing,
 She Turtle-like would a chaſt Widow be,
 And vow'd to love no other Dove but thee;
 But ever mourn'd thy abſence, till her eyes
 Had ſpent her Soul in tears, and love ſtrain'd cries
 Crackt her dear heartſtrings, having caſt away
 The toylſome burden of unweildy clay,
 With pure and aery pinneons hence ſhe flies,
 And leaves the earth to ſeek him in the ſkies.

When ſhe arriv'd where her bleſt Mate does dwell,
 What *Prophets*, *Prieſts*, or *Poets* rage can tell
 The Entertainments, Welcomes, Joyes have been,
 Unleſs in *Pathmos* he had Viſions ſeen
 We may conceive that *Angels* clap their Wings,
 Pow'rs and Dominions ſhout'd, all the ſtrings
 Of *Seraphims*, tun'd high; loud Muſick play,
 A troop of *Virgins* on the Milky way,

Met her in Snow-white Robes, and convoy had,
 Legions of Martyrs, all in Scarlet clad;
 Joshua with Captains, David, fainted Kings,
 All tender'd their respects, the Palace rings
 With Acclamations; Eye runs forth to see
 Whence sprung the fruit cur'd the forbidden tree;
 Sare makes haste her Ladies Womb to blest,
 Without whose birth the curse of barrenness
 Had still lain on her, though she had a Son,
 And had brought twenty Isaac's forth for one;
 Rebecca with the better of her Twins,
 And Rachel, with her Joseph too, begins
 To sing her praise; the brave Bethulian Dame,
 Victorious Judith, to her welcome came
 With troops of Amazons; the Sheban Queen,
 (VWho now the New Jerusalem had seen)
 Runs to the fight, and wittly gazeth on
 The Mother of the Mightier Solomon;
 There, met with Saints and Angels, all desire
 To bid her Velcome thus in a full Quire:

In that (O Queen of Queens) thy Birth was free
 From guilt, (which others doth of Grace bereave,
 When in their Mothers Womb they life receive)
 God, as his sole born Daughter, loved thee;
 To match thee like thy birth's Nobility,
 He thee his Spirit for thy Spouse did leave,
 By whom his only Son thou didst conceive,
 And so art link'd to all the Trinity.
 Cease then, ye Queens, who worldly Crowns do wear,
 To glory in the pomp of Earthly things;
 If men such high respect unto you bear,
 Who Mothers, Wives, and Daughters are of Kings,
 What Honour should unto that Queen be done,
 Who bore your God, for Father, Spouse and Son?

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

